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THE MORROW MAN

Continued from page 4

who a day or two before had stepped between two whisky-maddened stiletto fighters, and calmed them as by the fiat of Omnipotence.

Now she no longer feared, and in her heart, motherly glad, was something, perhaps more of anger than contempt, for the morally wind-blown, spineless creature, so flawless in physical courage, so flaccid in the higher heroism. As she looked upon him with a kindlier eye than of old, he appeared as utterly wasted as the great slag and stone dumps that lay heaped about the pits. She sat for some moments looking out stormily on the far, faint blue hills, thinking, reviewing, judging. Then she rose and went down the garden path to the gate, at which Macfarlane stood, waving cheery farewell to Abel.

"Jim!" she said.
He turned to her with a start.
"I want to say something to you. My boy is growing and taking notice. He hears folks talk of what you are, and—well, I don't want his friends to be quitters and drunkards."

His face flushed a dull red. The lash cut deep, and he winced. He opened his mouth and began stammering to speak.

"I know what you would say," she interposed sharply. "We spoiled your life, cheated you, and all the rest of the whimpering story. A blow, a foul blow if you like, put you down, and you have proved ever since that you deserved to go down by never daring to get to your feet again. Whimper and whine, slobber yourself with self-pity, besot yourself with drink, like the weakling you are! I want my boy to grow up among men, and become one of them, who'll fight as long as they can stand; not among those who keep down because they're afraid to stand up," and she turned and left him.

She watched him, from the windows of an upper room, pass slowly up the hill toward the pits, until a turn of the winding road hid him. Then happened an unparalleled thing in the life of this woman: she bowed her head and burst into a passionate storm of weeping.

MATTERS were not going well at the Havilah pits, and the face of Adam as he sat down to supper reflected the troubles of his spirit.

"Damn all furniners!" he snapped vindictively, waiting for his cup of tea.
"What's the matter now?" inquired Eve amusedly.

"Threw down their tools this afternoon, saying they won't take them up again till I raise them five cents an hour—and I'll see 'em in hades first!" and he emphasized his determination with a thump on the table.

"Leave them to Jim," advised Eve. "You can't handle them."

"Jim's gone," he replied dully.
"Gone!" she echoed. "On the drink again?"

Adam shook his head. "Wish he had," he answered gloomily. "Something's come over him. They say he's through with the liquor. He came to me this morning, got his money, and went off."

"And you let him go?" she cried, the old-time fire in her eye. "Don't you know, Man, that all we have rests on him?"

"I know it," he replied. "And the men know it. I offered him his own price to stay; but no use. Going to be his own man, he said. The pit trouble started within an hour of his going."

Poor Adam! On a hay wagon, or at the tail of a plow, he was where Nature intended him to be. In charge of five hundred men of divers tongues and nationalities, jealous and wrong-headed with the stubborn, blind, unreasoning prejudices and hatreds of almost brutish ignorance, he was helpless and dangerous as a mischievous child in a gunpowder factory. When he should have been inflexible he yielded; where he should have yielded he remained inflexible.

Production fell off, and the milling work was gradually approaching chaos. Mining engineers with the sheen of graduation day upon them, and possessing diplomas that certified vast scientific skill, came and failed and went. Academic knowledge they possessed; but they lacked the peculiar gifts that make dictatorship possible,—a reasonably square-deal disposition, and prompt ability as a two-handed fighter.

Jim Macfarlane, despite his failings, could effect more in a ten-minute stroll through the pits, a word here and a nod there, than all the fancy engineers loaded to the muzzle with technical attainments. He had the instinctive, almost unconscious ability to handle men, a distinct and invaluable attainment in itself; hence perhaps his defeat by a woman.

So slipped the months by, and Eve watched helplessly the fading of her brilliant hopes. She spurred Adam on, discussed, consulted, planned; but still the submerging waves, inevitable as the ocean, advanced.

The best shaft had suddenly shown signs of exhaustion, old miners were shaking their heads doubtfully, and Adam was making frantic efforts to locate the seam beyond the fault. Eve alone knew her share in the bringing on of catastrophe, and though the swift melting of the wealth that should make splendid her boy's life was torture, she did not regret her action. During those evil months she was a puzzle to herself.

THEN, as suddenly as he had disappeared, one morning into the little world of Havilah stepped the Morrow Man again. When Eve heard the news she feared, yet was glad. She could explain neither emotion to herself.

Adam grasped at the man as a drowning swimmer at a life belt. "You can make your own terms, Jim, salary or partnership," he said. "Things are going to rack and ruin. Say what you want."

"Partnership in what?" demanded the Morrow Man.

Adam's eyes opened wide. "Why, the pits and the mills, the business, everything," waving his hands expressively.

Jim shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I'm a miner," he said, "not a stone cracker. Look here, Adam, you robbed me! But let that go. The main point is that you stole a gold brick. I didn't know it then, and you didn't; but I found it out sometime back. Man, your one pit that has ever been worth anything was only a fat little pocket that you've about cleaned out. Keep on mining to all eternity if you've got cash enough to pay for the fun; but the seam is away to the side of your holding."

"Then we'll buy it, Jim. Where is it? This very day! I'll make a man of you, Jim!" Adam shouted.

Macfarlane laughed. "You are too late for both jobs," he said. "I got back my manhood when I left you, and the lots you'd like to buy are mine—mine! I begin to strip the ground on Monday. Look here, Adam, you must have enough laid by to live on. Take my advice and drop out while you still have it. I'll forgive you what you stole from me."

The dull, heavy face of Adam crimsoned with passion. "Want my pits and machinery, eh? Well, the bluff don't go. I'll match you, dollar for dollar, you and your main seam!" he sneered. "I'll have you back again at my heel, waiting for your pay envelop to square your drink bill."

"Have it your own way," replied Jim; "but if I wait long before coming back, I guess you'll have nothing to fill a pay envelop with."

Deeper and deeper into the mire sank Adam, floundering with blind wilfulness in what everyone knew to be a hopeless slough. The best men in his employ hurried away to the new pits as soon as they opened. With the dull fury of a maddened animal that Eve could no longer control, Adam hurled himself against the inevitable.

Those who were Adam's sincerest well-wishers were glad when the news came down into the town that he had been stricken by a paralytic stroke. When he came back to the remnants of life all remembrance of the pits and his troubles had gone. He was the placid, yielding Adam of old, stolid, patient, "babbling of green fields," vaguely uneasy about the ingathering of crops.

WITHIN half an hour of receiving her note, Jim stood before her in her home. She had seen him only at a distance since the day of her harsh rebuking. As she looked upon him, perhaps there was within her the pride of great work, well accomplished. Adversities had not abated one iota of her splendid, firm-set courage. A little paler, perhaps, with eyes that had beheld new visions and read strange new truths, and an indefinable softening of oldtime asperities, she was the Eve of old with a new tenderness clothing her about.

"Jim," she said, "we are going back to-morrow."

"Going back?" he echoed.

"I want you to look after the house and pits for me, till I decide what to do with them," she continued.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Jim, when you take the wrong turn at the forked roads the best way is to go back to the turning point. Rambling through the bush, trusting to hit the right road, is chancy work. We didn't sell the farm, and we are going back to it tomorrow. Adam is

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